THE GOLLIWOGG'S DESERT -ISLAND

BY

Florence K. Upton

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LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., LONDON, NEW YORK & BOMBAY.

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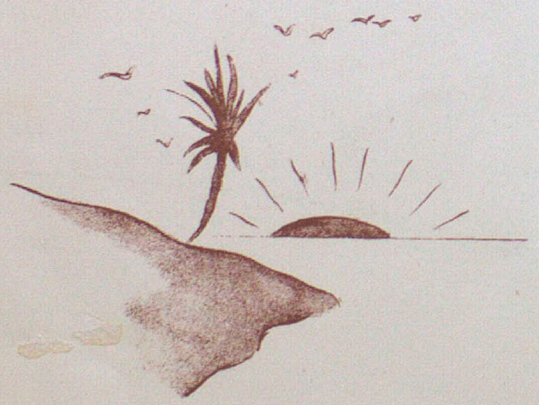
1906

"O Golliwogg! I love that book,
Adventure I adore!
I would we might be castaways
Upon some desert shore."

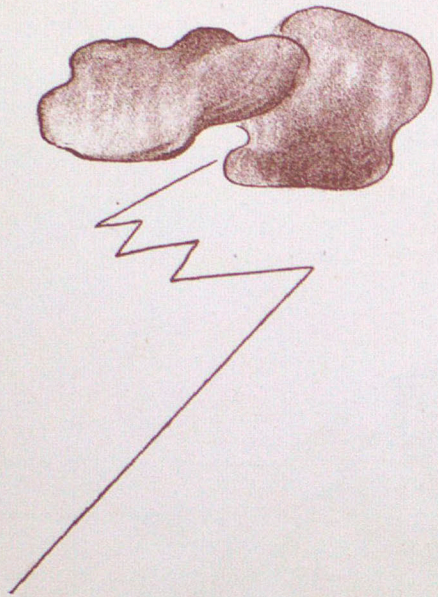
"Ah! but, dear Peggy, don't you see,"
Objected Sarah Jane,
"That if we imitate the book
He'd be alone – that's plain –



And Golliwogg would hate to stay
Without us girls in sight."–
"Of course I would," said Golliwogg
"Don't let's be cast – quite right!"

5520

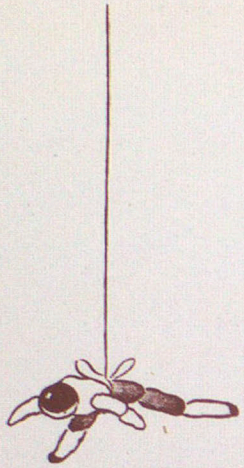
THE ADVEN
ROBINSON
S.S. PERIW
RIWINKLE



That very night a fearful storm
Aroused them with a shock:
"Where is the book", cries Sarah Jane,
"I know we've struck a rock!

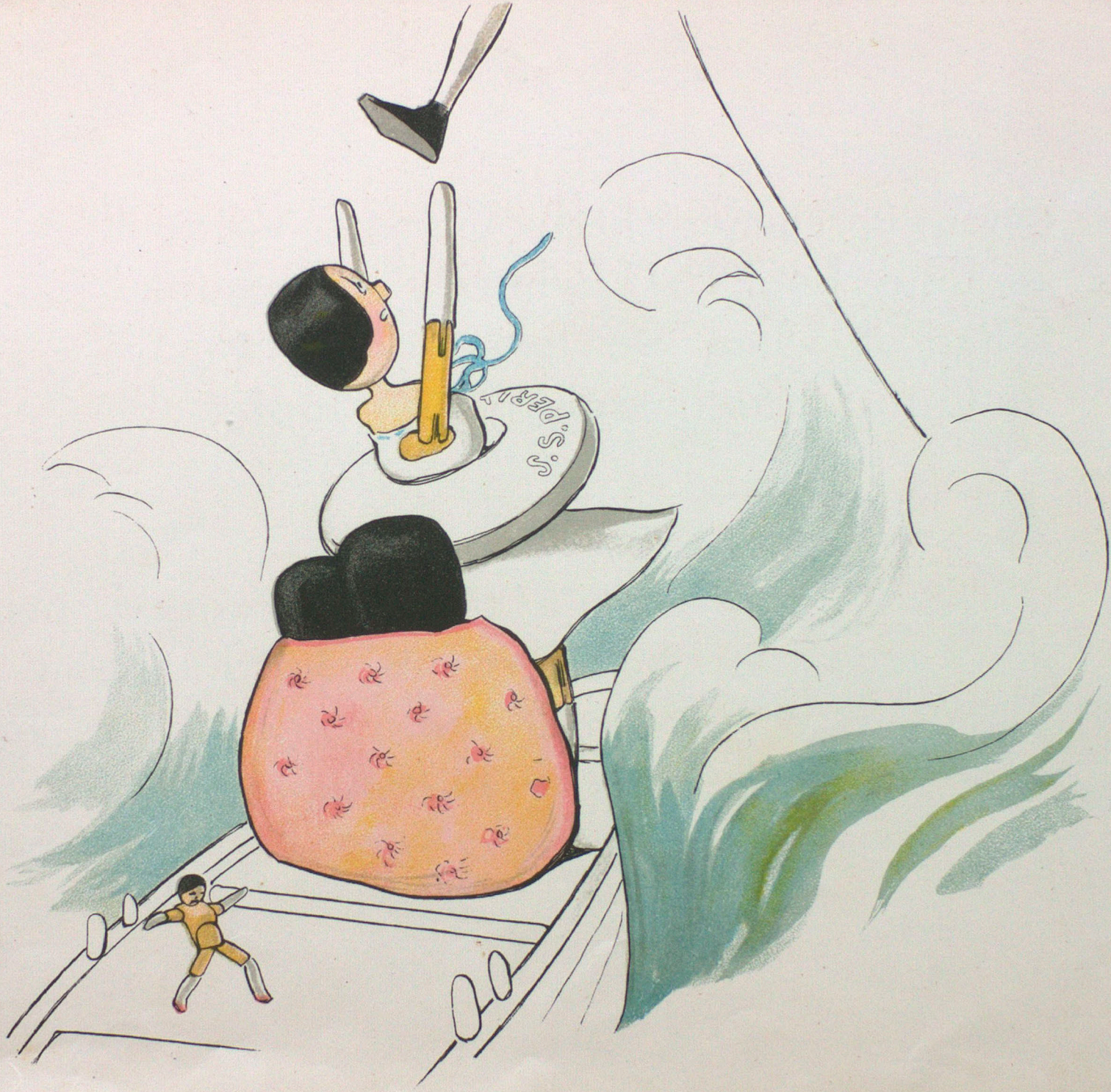
Now is our chance, dear girls, to be
Robinson Crusoes, too;
Poor Peggy's courage might have held
With that grand thought in view."

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
ROBINSON
CRUSOE



They launch their boat – "The ladies first"
Calls Captain Golliwogg
"Midget and Sarah, Meg and Weg,
Then Peggy – Where's the dog?"

Their boat rocks madly on the waves,
The children loudly call
To Golliwogg to hurry lest
Into their trough he fall.

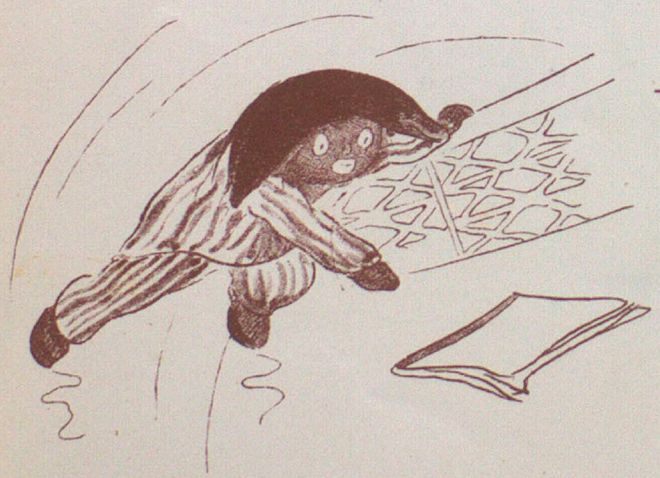

S.S. PERU

Then in chimes little Sarah's voice
"The book! O where's the book!
I had it when we left our berths,
Good Golliwogg, pray look!

We can't be shipwrecked properly
Without we do the same
As Crusoe did, and if it's lost
'Tis I who am to blame!

When his adventures we enjoyed
I truly hoped that we
Might all be castaways like him
Upon some lonely sea;

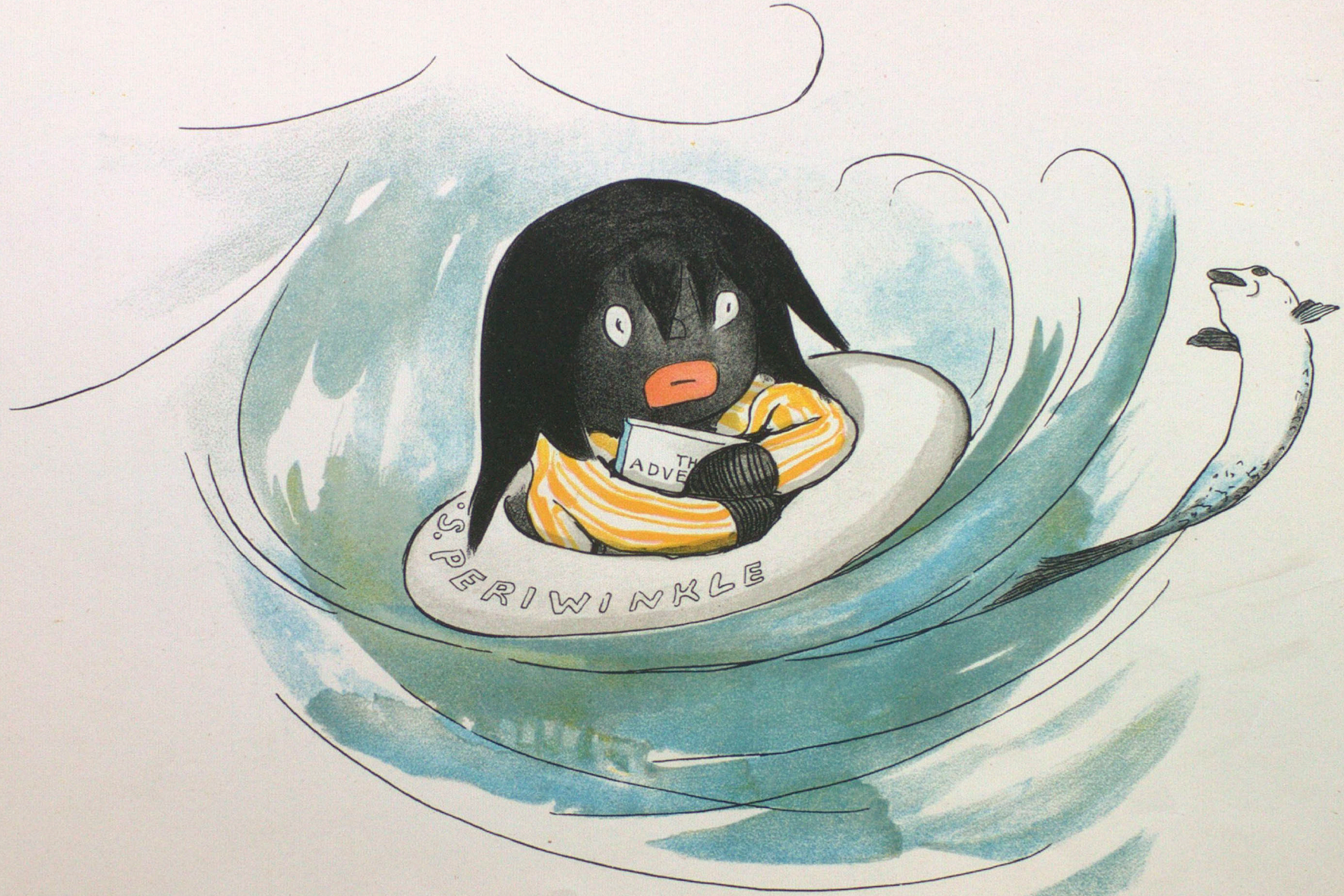
Now everything is happening
According to the book:
–I think I've dropped it on the deck,
Dear Golliwogg please look!"



S.S. PERIWINKLE
ROBINSON CRUSOE
S.S. PERIWINKLE

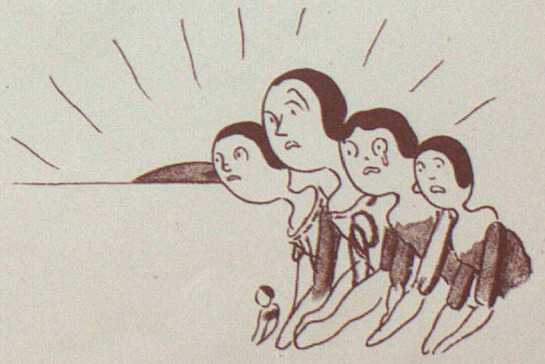
They smile to hear his cheery voice
Above the ocean's din:
"I have the book! Keep the boat close!
There now! I'm sliding in."

A big wave tossed the boat astern,
He did not see the breach
But fell into the raging foam
Far out of Sarah's reach.


S.S. PERIWINKLE
TH
ADVE

"Alone upon the ocean dark!
So dark I cannot look
To find that boat with all it's crew
And give to them the book.

My lifebelt keeps me well afloat,
And in the morning light
The girls will see me drifting past
Unless they're out of sight."



S. S. PERI
THE ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON

"Well! where am I and who am I?
I'd greatly like to know,
Am I that lonely Crusoe man
Who lived so long ago?

Or am I Golliwogg? Ah now
It all comes back to me,
The *Periwinkle* struck a rock,
The boat washed out to sea."

PERIWINKLE
S.S. PERIWINKLE

"But there! I must not lose my nerve,
The ship lies high and dry,
And with this belt that saved my life
To reach her stores I'll try;

Once I'm aboard I'll make a raft
And bring the goods to land–
What luck! there's *'Robo'* on the deck,
(I'll name him that, off hand!)"

P.D. AND S.J.

"O little state-room! once you held
The form that wore this gown!
I'll place it safely on the raft
In case the ship goes down;

If only all the girls were here!
They'd know just what to save;
'Twas dreadful how they disappeared
Upon that cruel wave!"

JAM
PEANUTS
SUGAR

"There! now my load is big enough,
I dare not risk much more;
Those biscuits too must be kept dry,
I'd better steer for shore.

That jam I'll save to give the girls,
'Twill make hard tack taste fine,
And *ginger-fizz* to drink their health
Is quite as good as wine.

Ought. I to take this calendar
When Crusoe marked a log?
–I *might* forget the date I came"
Said thoughtful Golliwogg.

NUTS
P.D. AND S.S.

"Here's just the place to build our hut,
Good Robo lend your aid,
And by the morrow's rising sun
We'll have it's welcome shade.

Hush Squawk! your temper is not good
So you were rightly named,
Just give me time to mend your ways
And soon I'll have you tamed."

SOAP

"See, Robo! now I've formed our roof
Ere sunset steals the light;
I have no ladder, but this box
And barrel work all right.

With hammer, nails, some string and skill
Our castle soon shall rise,
The girls will be delighted and
I long for their surprise.

—O no! the barrel could not fall
Placed on this box of soap,
I saw to that before I climbed,
I have some sense, I hope ....

.... Well! if that isn't just like me!
I'm clumsy to the core,
Good Robo, but for your support
I might be damaged more".

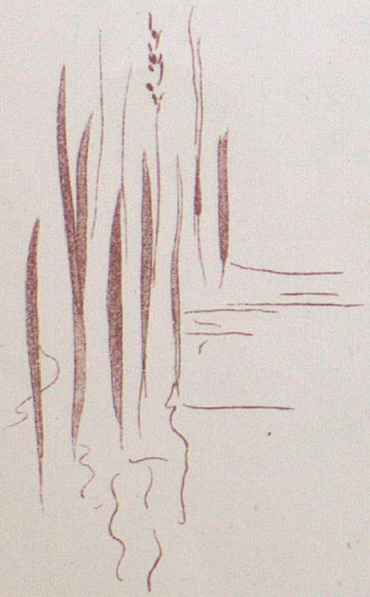
SOAP

"There! now I'll sew my goatskin suit;
Like Crusoe's it must be;
He said it kept out cold and heat,
Which simply puzzles me.

I almost think that I shall melt
Inside this woolly coat,
Yet, Robo always wears *his* hair
In heat or cold, I note.

My thread *will* dodge the needle's eye
Direct it as I may,
And when it's actually through,
It never seems to stay."

"Hurrah! this chair beats Robinson's!
It really stands quite straight,
I'll try when all the glue is dry
If it will bear my weight.

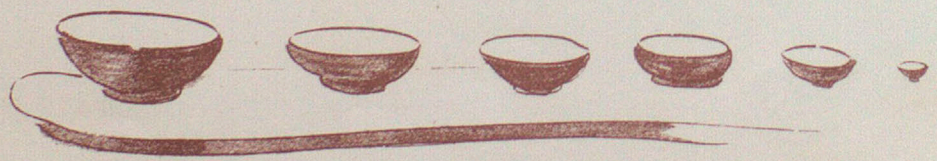


The others need not be so large,
And Midget's I can make
Of tiny twigs with woven seat
Of osiers from the lake."

MARMA
CLU

"I love to shape this soft, red clay,
Our bowls are nearly done,
Soon I can stand them in a row
To bake out in the sun.

I saw our cups when on the ship,
Each hanging from it's hook,
But if we had real china here
'Twould not be like the book."



Quite weary from his arduous tasks
Tired Golliwogg now sleeps,
While faithful Robo near at hand
With him through dreamland peeps:

Perchance a boat they both behold
With sails all landward set,
Perhaps they dream the girls have come?
—We shall not know just yet,—

P.D.ANO S.J.

But what he does is evidence
He hopes the girls are near
For off a hunting out he goes
When morn comes cool and clear.

He gathers juicy grapes from vines,
Two fighting goats he kills,
And with some turtles from the swamp
His pannier he fills.

Then he and Robo make the soup
In gypsy kettle stout,
Which, Robo, sniffing, seems to say
"*Chef* knows what he's about."

But Golliwogg, who stirs the soup,
Is in reflective mood,
Like Robinson, his loneliness
O'erclouds the taste for food:

He sits him down for duty's sake,
His eyes cast on the floor, —
When suddenly a savage form
Creeps through the open door.

A cry of joy from Golliwogg!
He leaps from off his chair,
"Hello! there's Friday come at last,
Yes! Friday, I declare!"

MONDAY
7

Then, looking at the calendar,
"What's this! on *Monday* too!
There's some mistake, but never mind,
You're *Monday*, and you'll do.

Each day with diligence I've read
The thrilling Crusoe book,
And frequently when hard at work
For savages I look:

But just when I had given up
And melancholy grown,
A truly lovely red skinned man
Across my path is thrown:

Yes Monday! I am glad that you
Did not till Friday wait,
Since four days more of solitude
Would have resolved my fate.

MONDAY
7

Come dine with me on turtle soup,
Nor scorn the christian fare;
You're not a cannibal, I hope,
For that I could not bear"

"Great Master, no! I'm civilized,
From island far I come,
I speak the English very well,
Old Master taught me some."

"What luck, good Monday! come you then
And sit upon the beach,
I'm looking for a boat which soon
This little cove should reach:

It holds the dearest of the dear,
Five girls I lost at sea,
Sometimes I feel I cannot wait
Until they come to me."

One day, upon the moistened sand
Some curious tracks they saw,
Which so half-crazed the Golliwogg
That Monday stared with awe.

"Great Master! that a birdee track,
Why jump you so about?"
"A birdee track! you fuzzy-wuzz!
That's Midget's track, *no doubt*!"

Then up the hill he madly rushed,
And from a group of palms
He saw his precious Midget, bound
By both her tiny arms.

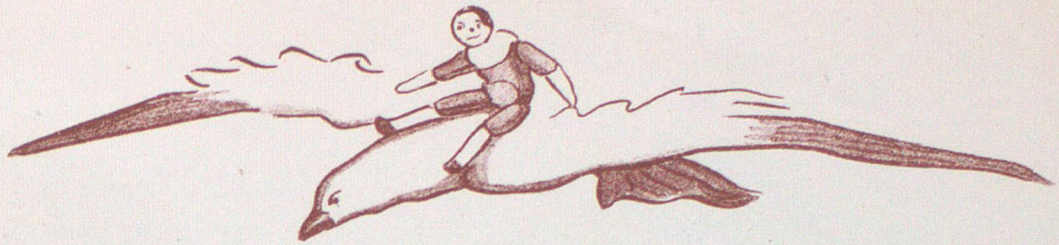
She proudly stood before three chiefs
Around a lighted fire
Which in another moment would
Have been her funeral pyre.

"No bow nor arrows have I brought,
Whatever shall I do!"
Then with umbrella opened out,
Across the sands he flew.

Robo and Monday followed him
With savage bark and yell,—
So sudden was the onslaught that
Flat on the ground they fell.

In terror grovelled at his feet
Then bowed themselves so low
That Golliwogg assured them he'd
Excuse them if they'd go.

The chiefs backed down on hands and knees,
Slipped into their canoe —
Then Midget cried: "You came in time
Just as you always do!"



"How did I come? I'll tell you:
I thought we'd never land!
So I begged a gull to bring me
And leave me on the sand;

Then those savages attacked me,
Such a tiny thing as *me*!
—But look!! our boat is coming
Ah! how glad you seem to be!

THE GOLLIWOGG

As nearer drew that laden boat
Aye, near enough for speech,
The wildest fling you ever saw
Was danced upon the beach.

'Twas something like an elephant
A-waltzing with a fly,
'Twas comic, yet pathetic so
Poor Monday wiped an eye.

The greeting was hilarious,
Such joy! such happy talk!
Such racing up and down the beach
Before the homeward walk.

The Midget stood upon her head
And cart-wheels turned — a score,
In short, but for the long tramp home
She'd turned a hundred more.

That jolly walk! and each one talks
An independent stream,
All hurrying to the "Castle" which
No longer is a dream!

So *really, truly* "Crusoey"!
Exactly like the book!
So "savagey" does Golliwogg
Their lovely hero look!

His hair so wild! his goatskin suit
In detail so complete!
In truth they love the very ground
Where tread those woolly feet!

The "Castle" reached, behold a feast,
Good Monday was the *chef*,
And when it came to drinking healths
The noise would make you deaf.

Host Golliwogg proposed a toast
Which well might touch each heart,
"In future if we're castaways
Don't let's be cast apart!"

GINGER FI

But now to quit this desert isle
Our busy group thinks best,
Their clever part they've acted out
With customary zest.

The faithful Monday waves them off
With Robo by his side,
As out upon a placid sea,
One brilliant morn they glide.

For Monday will not sail with them,
His home-land lies quite near,
His tribe he soon must find again,
Though Golliwogg is dear;

And all his pretty lady-girls
So amiable and gay,
Will ever in Man-Monday's heart
With grateful memory stay.

Yet though to part is always sad,
Nor you nor I can tell
How soon these friends may meet again
E'en though they wave farewell.